I often frequented guhang trees because they were excellent places to gather information; "mellowed" by the drink the people often enjoyed discussing and arguing over answers to questions. I never saw a group refused free drinks. If an owner were "greedy" with his guhang nothing would have been said at the time which the guhang owners know. This disgruntled individual might later return to the tree as "envious person"; generosity in Caticugan was usually sired of a warm heart and a practical mind.

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One of my most pleasant memories is sitting with the men at the top of the buri, under the little thatch covering, drinking, smoking and talking. Thirty feet above the ground the air was cooler and fresher and a breeze usually rustled the dead fronds. Below the community stretched out under its quilt-like fields. At the palm's base might be a small group of men and married women drinking guhang as it was lowered from the top in a bamboo container tied to a rope. If a few young dalagas passed, salacious wisecracks would usually be made by the young men with malicious cheerfulness and the girls might be so bold as to stop for a drink. In the distance one could hear the dull echo of a manunguete's "bamboo gong" (tambol), signaling the vendors who wished to purchase guhang that he was in his tree.

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When the groups gather at the guhang trees it is a time of relaxation, of gossiping, joking and discussing plans for tomorrow. A game of dama (similar to checkers) might be started.

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